THE NEW NEW YORK.

The new New York is destined to cover that portion of Manhattan Island which is bounded by thuch street on the south and the Harlem River on the north. The blight which rested upon this territory for more than ten years, in upon this territory for more than ten years. In the form of confiscatory and ruinous assessa-ments, has been removed by recent legisla-tion, and the natural advantages of this region have attracted the attention of those who are pecking for comfortable homes at a moderate cost. The soil is a dry sand or gravel, and in many places clean sand is found twenty feet in depth. The Croton is available for the upper stories of buildings, this section being connected with the high service reservoir at the High Bridge. Three great boulevards traverse this plain from Central Park to the Hariem River, Two of them-Sixth and Seventh ayenues—are 150 feet wide, paved with noise-less Telford-McAdam pavement, and planted on either side with olm trees. The third highthere were the control of the contro way-St. Nicholas avenue-leading from Cen-tral Park to High Bridge, is laid with a similar pavement. These boulevards are the most fashionable drives in the city, and are constantly

MONEY MADE ON CATTLE RANGES. Importance of Keeping Books in a Skilful Manner to Swell the Profits.

An Fastern man met one of the cattle kings of Wyoming Territory in Cheyenne the other day. The cattle king had made his pile and gone out of cattle raising, and he sat down to give the Eastern man a little of the true in-wardness of the business.

"You have come to Cheyenne to investigate the cattle business, have you? And you want to know how the cattle raisers make their money? Welt, I will tell you how I made mine. And my experience is a common one here.

1877 Ibought 1,000 Toxas cows, 50 grade buils, and 30 ponies. They cost me, branded and turned loose on the range, \$16,000. The first winter, which was a very hard one, I lost 40 per cent. The first summer I branded 400 caives. At the end of the first year I had on the range 1,506, and on my books 1,400 which represented the total head of stock i had handled so far. The second your I had to the lift year is the lift of the range 1,000, and on my books 1,500 milled work the range was griting to the provided with the provided work the provided with the provided wit and my experience is a common one here. In

STAINED GLASS.

A Becerative Art that to Semetimes Carried to Extremes-Depressive Windows. "It is true," said a manufacturer of stained

glass work yesterday, "that some of the people glass work yesterday, "that some of the people who adopted decorative windows have discarded them. The proprietors of a prominent restaurant have given them up, and the example has been followed by a few others. But this is no indication of a decline in the popularity of our work. Indeed, the contrary is the case; these people gave up the use of stained glass because so many others were adopting it.

"It is perhaps unfortunate for the advancement of true decorative art work that it, or im-

ment of true decorative art work that it, or im-itations of it, have been used so indiscriminately. We go to extremes in our decorative fashions. Masses of bright, rich color, varied and harmonious though they be, become tiresome when too obviously or too constantly thrust upon us. No doubt much excellent work in our line has been lavished in places work in our line has been lavished in places and on objects where it is entirely out of place. What would you think, for instance, of a stained-glass chair? The idea seems a little strange at first, because it is a triffe extreme.

Western people are quick to catch at new styles. Perhaps they overdo the thing a little, and are not always so particular as they might be as to appropriateness of design and the suitability of particular lights for glass work. But on the whole they are discriminating, and their preferences are for the florid styles. They are good customers in a business sense, and order some very costly windows.

"There seems to be no end to the variety of ways in which our work is used. Of course work for churches and other public buildings has the first place. Then come memorial windows, the call for which is large. This Adoration of the Magi' is for a little village church in New York State. It is the gift of the heirs of the late William B. Ogden, who was born in the place. This is one of many.

But it is to the passion for household decoration that our art owes its recent astonishing development. We make full and half sized windows for drawing rooms, dining rooms, and libraries. In the dining rooms the 'four F's'—lish, flosh, fowl, and fruit—are the prevailing styles. For parlors we have rich flower pieces or fine historical scenes. In libraries old portraits and conventional mosales prayail. Some men want stained glass doors all over the house. The prettiest and most appropriate arc those at the end of hallways and leading into the garden. A very pretty use for stained glass in doorsway is where it takes the place of the old, dusty, woollen lambrequim or portiere. The whole upper part of the doorway forms a stationary glass sash, and from it the curtains depend. Drawing-room doors leading into hallways look well in this style. Then we have fire screens of stained glass, which are very popular, and the rage even extends to chandeliers. But this is carrying stained glass decoration a little too far. To hang a fine glass sash to a chandelier is not treating it with proper dignity.

"We get strange orders sometimes. A gentleman residing in another State sent to us for a glass door for a dining-room closet. He forgot that the

Tracking a Texan Murderer.

From the Gonzales Enquirer.

Sam McGlothlin was sitting at supper, about 8 o'clock Sunday might, and was shot and almost instantly killed by some one from without. Monday morning the neighbors gathered and instituted search for the assassin. Footprints were found leading from where the fatal shot was fired to where the intrinsic and had his mare concealed. After mounting, he also of through the brush, and continued in a surface mather treetope mor frught in his pathway. The sax diag mather treetope mor frught in his pathway of the sax diag mather treetope mor frught in his pathway. The sax diag mather treetope mor frught in his pathway of the sax diag mather treetope mor frught in his pathway. The sax diag mather than the some of the mather and a surface and the same of the mather and the miles distant from the scene of the mather were at the house of finil Davis, the end of the miles of pathway of the sax diag in the same that it is a surface and recent the same of the house of finil Davis diadly scratched in, apparently from the brush, and his mare completely stove up, having all the apparament of a severe and recent hard ride. She had been seen on the previous day, and was perfectly sound. Davis was put under arrest. It seems that an old frend has existed for a long time between theory lay, Phil Davis, and McGlothlin, all brothers in law.

ARTENUS WARDS MANGAROO.

The Amusing and Moral Beast Still Living to Ecocrabic Scilrement at Claveland.

CLEVELAND, Ohlo, March 19 .- Few people who have laughed over Artemus Ward's works, or who have seen him upon the platform with his pet tied to the leg of the table before him. have forgotten his "moral kangaroo," of which he once said, "it would make you laugh to hear the little cuse jump up and squeal." Yet hear the little cuse jump up and squeal." Yet there are not fifty men in the country, outside of Cleveland, who know that this famous kan-marco is alive and well to-day, and is tenderly housed and cared for by one who is never tired of talking of the days he spent in company with the quaint humorist, whose memory is kept forever green in the Plain Dealer estab-

lishment.

When Ward decided to go to Europe upon his last and fatal visit, he determined to permanently house his pet kangaroo in quarters where it would be sure of kind treatment and good care for the rest of its life. Securing such a refuge required some diplomacy, but Artemus was equal to the task. One day, during a short visit to Cleveland, he called upon his old friend and companion George Hoyt, the associate editor of the daily Plain Pealer, and said, after the usual small talk: "George, we have always been good friends, and on the whole I believe that I owe you something."

"Hardly," said Hoyt, remembering some of Ward's practical jokes. "Taking everything into consideration I believe that I owe you half a dozen or so."

"But I am serious, now," said Ward, as he took Hoyt by the hand. "I have long had it in my mind to make you a present of value, something, you know, that would cause you to think of me now and then, when I am away across the water. This comes from the heart, George, and I shall feel grieved unless you accept it and treasure it closely and warmly for my sake, I want you to take it, and to get out of it all the good that the situation will allow."

Artemus's manner was so earnest that Hoyt met him half way.

"All right," he said: "do as you will, old boy, and no more words about it."

Three hours after Ward's departure an express wagon drove slowly down Superior street and halted in front of the old Plain Dealer building. In the wagon was a large box with a dozen holes bored through the life. Two men picked it up and with some difficulty carried it into the editorial room and deposited it before Mr. Hoyt's desk, Tacked upon it was a card bearing this inscription: lishment. When Ward decided to go to Europe upor

GEORGE HOVY A present from his best friend, Aftenus War. Take him with my blessing, and may he stick closer than a brother.

Take him with my blessing, and may be stick closer than a brother.

With a sinking heart Hoyt procured a hatchet and removed the fid. Inside the box, as demure as a deacon, sat Ward's famous kungaroo, Hoyt's first impulse was to nail down the lid and send the box back, with his compliments; but, remembering his promise to accept the gift, he concluded to make the best of the situation, and to give the animal the care and attention, and to give the animal the care and attention which he knew Ward expected it would receive. He accordingly sent the "travelled animal" home, where it has rested safe and happy, secure in the affection and regard of its owner, and with good housing and plenty to eat.

I saw it a few days ago, by Mr. Hoyt's invitation. A corner of his large brick barn on Euclid avenue has been fitted up for its use, and his stableman has it in special charge. When Mr. Hoyt, opened the door of its room and called out. Attenus! Artemus! 'the gray oid fellow came out with a few slow and dignified hops, and sat down fearlessiy at our feet. '' He is getfing old and shakey about the joints.' said Mr. Hoyt, and we cannot get half the amusement out of him that was possible ten years ago. My children play with him, and he has never offered them any harm. On warm days we let him out in the yard, and he never attempts to get away. He does not like dogs, and will run in and hile when any of them are about.''

His owner has had many offers from showmen for 'Old Artemus' since Ward's death, but he has declined them all. 'He was a present from my dear out friend,' said Mr. Hoyt, and she part with him. Barnum wanted him, but I would not let him go. I shall keep him and give him a home as long as he lives, unless he survives me, and in that case my children will look out for him.''

As we left, ''Artemus'' was sitting on the barn floor, looking at us placidly, and apparancy the Bushmen, or of his various tours accoss the country with the ''genial showman, A. Ward.''

A Stery of the International Hallroad.

No doubt many of our readers have read Dunnas' great work of mendacity, the "Couns will doubtieses remember Monsteur Danglars, who has neither character not principle, but who, nevertholess, is one of the principal characters in the book. The reader may also readers in the book and the properties of the proper

PORTRY OF THE PRINTED.

Once in the world's first prime When nothing lived or stirred; Nothing but new-born Time, Nor was there even a bird—

The Silence spoke to a Star, But I do dot dare repeat What it said to its love afar, It was too sweet, too sweet

But there, in the fair world's youth, Ere sorrow had drawn breath; When nothing was known but Truth, Nor was there even death, The Star to Silence was wed,

And the Sun was priest that day, And they made their bridal bed High in the Milky Way. For the great white star had heard Her silent lover's speech; It needed no passionate word To piedge them each to each.

O lady fair, and far, Hear, oh, hear, and apply! Thou the beautiful Star— The voiceless Silence, I. BLLA WHERLER.

But memory remains, and that is bitter sweet. I think I hear the patter of young feet, And after them a manly step; 'tis His— My Father's. Seated on the topmost stair I see a girlish figure clad in white And bathed in golden sunlight; it is She Who, God be praised, may yet a while remain

A lofty mountain, with a pointed head Piercing the clouds, and, nestling at its foot, A quaint old many-gabled house. Around There lies a garden many a decade old; All the old flow'rs are there—sweet william, pink, Wall flower, and pale wild rose. And round the walks I, a glad child, am, laughing, chased by Him Whom now I mourn.

A table rises in my mind, so bright That in its depths each guest his face may see; Bright glass and silver sparkle, and the wine Shines topac yellow and glows ruby red. But brighter far than silver, glass, or wine The deep, rich humor and the sparkling wit Of Him who, rested at the table's head, Makes pealing laughter ring throughout the room. Ah, sad the memory now of genial tones. That shall no more forever sound again. 'Tissure the great Creator's purpose thus

To fit us for the night that's coming on. Lights of our lives are one by one put out. And as we move more slow in gathering gloc Our mind's eye sees more clear beyond this scene That which shall be hereafter.

W. M. DONNELLY.

Easter. From the Philadelphia Record.

While through dread hours of deepening gloom.
Exultant hate, despairing pain,
Low broaded o'er the rocky tomb
Where all of Love, of Faith lay slain;
Saw they who on the wind swept hill
Kept ward and watch with heavy eyes,
A wondrous presage sudden thrill
The conscious earth, the sentient skies?

In shadowed glens, when sped the night, Sprang no strange flowers of fragrant breath To hall the dawning rays of light. That still illome the vale of death. But they wist not, who scarce the morn Could greet for mist of anguished tears, That with the longed-for day was born Sweet hope for the eternal years.

Oh, heart bereft, that makest moan, with unbelief that sore hast striven With unbesief that sore hast striven.

Not thin to note the unsealed stone.

And bands of drear, lone simmler riven;

Yet ere the tender vigil cease.

Beside thy dearest's grievous prison,

Glad Easter speaks immortal peace—

The unseen angel whispers; Risen!

When She is Dearest. From the New York Cupper.

From the New Fork Cupper.

When Kate is said, when Kate is pensive,
The them, I think, I love her best;
All cayety becomes oftensive,
And mirth a matter to detest.
And I am charmed with melanchely—
I take to tears and grief with zeet,
While pleasure seems but childish folly,
And only dotts. I hold, are jolly.
And not for worlds would I be glad—
Though all that worlds contain I had—
When Kate is said!

When Kate is glad, when Kate is merry,
'Tis then I have her best I say:
All souther thoughts I quickly bury.
All souther thoughts I quickly bury.
All souther thoughts I quickly bury.
While laughter chases gloom away,
And life appears so very polly.
That work itself is merely play;
While as for brooding metancholy—
But dolts I hold, madige such foily!
For though mistortunes great I had,
And troubles. I would not be sad
When Kate is glad!
Now, either sad or either merry,
The one or other Kate must be;
And so, although her mood may vary.
She's always dearest mint one;
Bhe's dearest when I find her pensive.
Bhe's dearest when I find her pensive.
She's dearest when the langlas in glee!
Was ever love more comprehensive,
Og ever love fless oftensive?
Ge lie the wide be gay or sad.
There is nothing it can take or add.
When Kate is glad.

An Easter Sermon. From the Denver Tribune.

"I'm glad that Easter Sunday's hera," Said Mrs. tlenry Gray; "My bonnet new and other gear

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown,
With all her quirks and smiles;
Of all the women in the town,
She spes the coareat styles;
She bought her bonnet 'way last spring,
And wears it now for new—
And as for that old Thompson thing,
I vow I hate her, too!

"I hear Miss Jones, the cross-eyed cat,
I has bought a new pekey
And Arthur and the facts at,
To wear to church to day;
And Helen White bear got a dress
They say is just divine
Come, Mr. Gray, and do you guess
1'e half so aweet as mine?

"There go those awkward Billings girls— They paid and powder, foo. They paid, and wear cheap bangs and curis; They do—I know they do! You needn't laugh—I boildy say, And stake my honor on it, I'll paralyze them all to-day Wittsmy new dress and bonnet."

A New Mother Hubbard.

From St. Nicholas.

One morning met a curly dog. He was of medium seas— His ears were drooped, his tail was limp. And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:
"Why do you look so sad?"
Because," replied he with a snift,
"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full Of little Mother Hubbards. But, though I was my tail quite off, They never speak of cuptoards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.
"Twould melt a heart of stone!
Pil give you lots of bressl and milk,
And a jucy mutten bone." She took him home and fed him well; His tears were turned to laughter; And now, wherever Polly goes, The curly dog trots after.

ELEANOR A. HUNTER. In the Belfry of the Nicuwe Kerk-Ameter dam.

From Harper's Monthly. Not a breath in the stiffed, dingy street!
On the Stadbuis tiles the sun's strong glow
Lies like a kind of golden snow.
In the square one almost sees the heat.
The motived tulips over there
By the open casement pant for air.
Grave, portly burghers, with their crouse,
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.

But high in the fretted steeple, where The sudden chimes burst forth and acare The lazy rocks from the belry beam. And the ring doves as they con and dream on flying butterss or earwen ross. Up here, meln Gott's tempest blows!— Such a wind as hends the towest true, And rocks the great ships out at sea. Plain simple folk, who come and go On humble levels of life below. Little dream of the gales that smita Mortals dwelling upon the height! Thomas Balley Albrich.

The Song of the District Marshal. From the National Republican.

The bir policeman with the long coat tail.
The thin young fellows in the railway mail.
The men sho carr, heavy bass of letters all about.
And the boys who hold the nozzle when they put the fire
ont,
May task about their uniforms and how their buttons
shine.
But they cannot hold a candle to this uniform of mine.

I saunter through the court with a scornful air;
I treat the vulgar crewel to a scornful stare.
And when to order science my tenor voice is raised.
The lawvers Judge, and jury are remorkably account.
And there say to one another, "Why, he has a voice divine."
And please regard the way in which his polished buttons shine."

tons shine."

My coat is darkly bluer than the done of night,
My buttons always snarkle like the stars so bright,
My buttons always snarkle like the stars so bright,
And the 'I serve subjectus with refluenced I'm mbned;
I'm a serv of tust methodic, half efficial, legal dude,
And the people when they see me, with one sweet accord
opine
That free something in the army from the way my buttons thine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BUREC MAN.

Confidence Sam Explains the Mysteries of Three-eard Ments-Ruches as Played in the Joints-The Biversions [of Countrymen. "What do you think of cards?" asked the reporter, as he met "Confidence Sam," the bunko man, puffing a eigar and deftly shuf-

fling a pack of enamelled cardboards.
"What do I think of cards, heigh?" responded the bunko man. You want my opinion of these here little charmers, do you? Well I'll tell you. Cards are an outgrowth of civiliza-tion, absolutely indispensable to a gentleman's outht. Wire, blow my eyes, young fellow, there are more ways of playing the cards, nowadays, and especially in this here Bowery, than the inventor of the pasteboard playthings ever dreamed of. But it's when they are unfolded as a bait for the countryman's cash, that they are displayed in all their mysterious power, illustrating, as it were, the perfection of human ingenuity on the one handland the inability of human eyesight or intellect to follow or com-prehend the operations of a gambler's fingers on the other."

the other."
"For instance?" said the reporter interrogatively, cutting short Sam's glowing eulogy of his professional implements. "Well, for instance, take three-card monte," replied the sharper, as he slipped out three pasteboards to illustrate. "That's a regular, first-class, tip-top example. Now, who do you suppose could ever hope to get the best of the three little jokers that we professionals exhibit to the hayseeds who come in here from the country?" Where's the secret? How do you work the

monte business, anyway?" asked the reporter.
"Why, let us suppose that you are Mr.
Hezekiah Hayseed, with a flush pocketbook, and we find it out by the handshaker and

steerer, and get you into she bunko joint. I told you about. You're new-found friend the capper, has won some money for you, and show you're putting up boodle against the cards. I'm the player and I take the eards thus."

Sam held a queen of spades in his left hand, lightly pressing it with his thumb against his bent fingers. The other two cards were the trey of diamonds and the ten spot of clubs. He held these both in his right hand. The trey was placed near his palm, and held by the second joint of his thumb and the third, joint of his fingers. The ten-spot card rested about an inch below it, and was lightly held between the tips of the fingers and the tip of the thumb. In shuffling them he threw the single card in his left hand on the counter list, and then fing the others after it. Then he varied the proceeding by first casting down a card from the hand that held the two cards. He did this so swiftly and deflighthat the cards seemed to fly rather than be thrown from his hand, and crossed each other in the air in their descent to the counter like tumbling aerobats.

Now for the trick," cried Sam, "You see how! I shuffle. Now, then, I put the trey of diamonds between the third joints of my flagers and the second joint of my thumb, as before. The queen of spades I hold just below it, as you see. I take the ten spot in my left hand and throw for your money. See, there goes the lon spot and there goes the trey. Pick it up and see.

The reporter who had kept his eye fastened on the hand which held the two cards, and left sure that the bottom card had been dropped by the bunk oman, picked up the pasteboard. It wanted queen of spades. The free post the same hand, and they same that the bottom card had been dropped by the bunk oman, picked up the pasteboard. It wanted queen of spades. The free skill resmited the pasteboard in the first of the same hand the pasteboard. It wanted the pasteboard in the first of the first pasted by the hind we had a same had a pasted by the hind of the first pasted by the hind of the pa

ighthing. Ive my deal, you sea, and one of the newcomers cuts, and I seling cust the hande quickly and turn up the seven of clube for trumps. You, being the greenhort in the grams, bick up your cards or a first the other, the content of the conte

Reminiscences of John Howard Payne.

limithal grows the instrict oral some show to the interest oral some show to the mixed cours some show to the third the grane rout spenk of "F. Epcilies." All I see you we rather surprised, the property of To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: In the year 1834 I was a student at law in an office in the town of Greenfield, in Massachusetts, having gone there for

CURIOUS PRATURES OF ACTUAL LIPS

A Hight Run of Cattle.

A Hight Run of Cattle.

From the Ciminasti Commercial.

Last fall a large herd of big ateors for market were being driven across the country from Masseshall to Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, where they were to be shipped on the ears for Chicago. There was about 3,000 head, 5 should judge, the property of a Mr. De Hase, a very young man. One evening a military camp had been made just ahead of the cattle, and on the same aide of the creek with them, up which the herd was being friven. A storm was coming up, and the cattle exhibited some signs of timesiness. Mr. De Hase sent word to the military officer that had better get his men. Wagned as way, as he feared there was going to be a "night ran." The herders were instructed to keep their horses saddled and he ready to mount at a moment's notice. The cattle were very uneasy, getting up, lying down again, and shifting about.

At last, about midming there came as sharp fash of lightning followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in an instant the whole herd were upon their feet. "Mount and whip out?" cried he liass, and the herder who was at the head of the column drove off a few of the leading steers in the direction, they were to go. All the others followed, and the herd was soon in full fight. The head of the column, one on each side of them swuns to the right or left to keep the trail; bluffs and precipices were avoided, and the open flat ground courted. The run lasted about two hours, when a sorge was being neared, in which the cattle would crowd and break their limbs. They were now quite tired, and the herders determined to each of the column was been ont on the prairie, and eircle round and round until the cattle became teed up in a huge ball and could not move at all.

The two first and the column force of the column was been onto one of the word of the column to the prairie, and eircle round in two hours, when a sorge was being neared, in which the cattle would crowd and break their limbs. They were now quite tired, and the herders determined to ea

Some of the Queer Panetes of Conductors

Engineers, and Brakemen.

From the Bratford Star.

"Yes, I read that article on stage people and their superstitions," said an Erie conductor, "and I must confess that we railroad men as a class are equally superstitions." I am not speaking about that superstitions. I am not speaking about that superstitions in the times to one after an accident, but of that passessed by regular railroad men. I know a conductor who wears a long face the whole trip, if the first taket he should take up would be that of a colored man. He has never had a serious accident, but is always afraid of one, when such an occurrence happens. I have known him to carry it to such an extent that it a colored man set down and not gather up the least was a fraid to one, when such an occurrence happens. I have known him to carry it to such an extent that it a colored man set down and not gather up the least was until the next station was trached. That's a mild instance, however. A horseshoe is a railroad man's universal insignia of safety. You will scarcely find a freight train on any of the roads without a horseshoe in the cabove. Brakemen sometimes carry a whole one in their pickets. Engineers are scarcely ever without one in their cab. If anything happens to delay a train on the first four or five miles of its trip an engineer is always superstitious of bad lick all the way through. I have known one of them to enter a way telegraph office for orders and anticipate an answer to 'lay over' just because it was his 'off 'infait. Some engineers get to behaving that certain portions of the road are against them, and no matter how meely their train glides over it, they are apprehensive of danger or of being late.

"Conductors are tainted with the disease, but not so cariously." If the first past-hoard handed a certain one I know when he starts on a trip should be a pass, he is certain that he will have bed lick during the whole run, brakemen do not show the symptoms so plainly, because they have less to do with the management of the train but even t

Saving the Life of Representative Best Wilson of West Virginia.

Wilson of West Virginia.

Prom the Washington Republican.

Commissioner Dudley and Charles H. Grey correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, were on the Pennsylvania siesper that horned on the track four or five hours east of Plitsburgh a few days ago. Gen. Dudley had only time to seize his artifoldal leg, tack is under his arm, and drag himself along the aisle toward the door, keeping his face close to the floor to avoid the blinding, suffocating flames. As he reached for his leg he remembered that Representative Ben Wilson of West Virginia, who occupied a berth same distance down the car, was deaf, and the thought flashed across his mind that perhaps the alarm might not have aroused the sleeping man. As he crawted along on his hands, Race, and stomp he felt in every herth, making all nossible speed, but not missing a bunk in his blind search for Wilson. Sure enough, there lay the Congressman in one of the berths, sound asleen, in the very embrace of a flery death, totally oblivious of his danger. The Conmissioner shook him vigoromly, but could not arouse the window, and the improvement of the window, and the language into the berth, he saled Mr. Wilson 2s both slouiders and shook him with desperate carnestness.

"For God's sake give me a drink of water," feebly mirroured the semi-conscious man.

Wake upl wake up! I tell you?" screemed Gen. Dudley in his ear, giving him another shaking; "the ear is burning up." Although nearly dead with heas and smoke, the theneral remained cool, and feeling by the notion of the car that the train was coming to a standstill, he added: "Be quick; jump through the vindow ryou will be a dead man." He felt the Virginian clambering through the window, and again placing his face within two or three mehas of the floor he completed the journey to the doorway in safety, though when he fell, rather than climied, from the placing his face within two or ture mehas of the floor he complete From the Washington Republican.

From the Lewiston Journal.

plain enough. One fox would run until tired, the would enter the log and another would take his place Solution of a Great Mystery.

Prom the Central New Jersey Herald.

People often wonder what becomes of the old tomato cans. Wagons can be seen on the street almost every day, filled with old tin cans of every description, picked from secant lots or the streets. They are taken to Newark and sold for fifteen cents a hundred. The price is small, but cans are numerous, and the gathering of them pays handsomely, if our informant tells the truth. The Newark purchaser sorts them out and puts them into a large turnace, which softens them as that they can be rolled by machinery into plates. These plates are artistically blackened and present a smooth polished surface. The trunk makers buy them to bind the edges and bottoms of trunks, and often to cover up defects of woodwork. In this manner old tomato cams become a most useful as well as ornamental material. The process of healing the cans also has its profitable resultable, as sold for twelve cents an pound, it alone paying, it is claimed, all the price originally paul for the cans. From the Central New Jersey Herald.

The Chief of the Rustlers.

From the Santa FV New Mexican. From the Santa F New Mexican.

John Kinney, leader of all the New Mexical rustiers and the man who has proven such a terror to the cattle interests of the Territory is about 23 years of ago, five feet seven inches in height, stotic, rather bloots ago, five feet seven inches in height, stotic, rather bloots in the seven feet of the feet of t

A Hint for Duck Hunters. From the San Francisco Chronicle.

From the Sin Prancisco Chronicle.

A Colorado farmer has invented a duck-hunting outfit which discounts the California man's cow. He stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a stripped the hide from the stripped the hide from a little and the hide from the stripped the hide from the stripped through the wants a duck shoot he drops his skileton over his head and starts out for the tules. He can walk right into a flock of ducks without startling them, and has on one or two occasions returned home with his hiding place full of teal caught with his hands, the never fails to kill all he wants when he takes his gunder he marches into a flock and turns both barrels loose at a time.

Dr. McKay Will Work Out his Pine.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Dr. Donald McKay, a well-known local leader of one of the warring wings of the Republican party, and who has been an aspirant for the Dallas, Texas, and who has been an aspirant for the Dallas, Texas, a few months ago assaulted Assistant Postmater Johnson, heating him up hadly. McKay was twice tried, and convicted cach time, the fines and costs amounting to about \$100. When called on today for a settlement, he toid the Court he would not pay as much as three cents, wifereupon he was incarecrated in the county juli, and to night's south hound train, here him to the county moor farm, twelve inhes from the city, where he will join the convict gaing and work the fine out at the rate of fifty cents per day.

Flowers in Potatoge.

Flowers in Potatoes. From the Utica Observer.

A gentleman from Utica in Louisville, who wished to send some beautiful flower hads to his wife, was at a loss how to do so. A florist friend said he would fix them. He cut a peake into two pieces and bered holes in them into which he inserted the stems of the hads, and placed them in a box with cutton to support them. A letter from the recipient sek newledged the remembrance, and said that the bads had developed into fall-blown flowers. For is sufficient moisture in a good sized potato to support a flower for two weeks in a mode rately coad temperature. Flowers from bouquets or backets may be preserved in, the same way. The potatoes can be hid, en by leaves or mosses.

Pollowing its Bend Mate.

Profilewing its Bead Mate.

Prom the Crainford Weekly.

Mr. Isane Lowe, a gentleman of undoubted variety, tells us the following stoke story: In Morgan county the action of the county for a merco killed a very large ratifessack, and gave it to a declor, who tied the reptile behind his ingry, and dragged it ten miles, leaving the snake that uight tied behind his largey. The next corning he found the mate of the raticionake is just beside the dead make, having feelewed its trail for ten miles. The live snake was of the exact size of the dead reptile, which was a very large specimen. Besate's Services Appreclated.

From the Tombstone Kutaph.

Miss Bessie Harper, the charming waitress at the Bird Care, has received well-deserved evidence of the generously of her employer. It flow hims n. in the shape of a handsome gold badge creater in shape and pendent from a rold bar with pin inscribed. Bessie, and surrounded with the words, Bird Cage Opera Hoose, Champion Rusticz.